

MAID MADE MAD AT A SEERESS'S SEANCE.

Went to Have Her Fortune
Told, She Said, and Saw
White Devils.

About to Be Married, Louisa
Goldstein Wanted to Peer
Into the Future.

As a Result She Is Now a Raving
Maniac in the Asylum on
Ward's Island.

STORY NOT CREDITED BY POLICE.

Mme. Rodling, the Woman Alleged to Have
Frightened the Girl, Is a Teacher
of Palmistry—She De-
nies the Charge.

Louisa Goldstein, of No. 217 East One
Hundred and Twenty-first street, is a raving
maniac at the Ward's Island asylum,
as a consequence of a fright she received
on June 14 while having her horoscope cast
by Mme. Rodling, palmist and seeress,
who dispenses mystical lore at No. 101
West Twenty-fourth street. At least that
is what the young woman's relatives, Mar-
tin Dubberger, clairmaker, of No. 215 East
Tenth street, and O. Dolberger and family,
of 217 East One Hundred and Twenty-
first street, allege. Mme. Rodling denies
any knowledge of Louisa Goldstein, and
says her methods of drawing aside the
veil of the future are not dangerous to even
the most hysterical temperament.

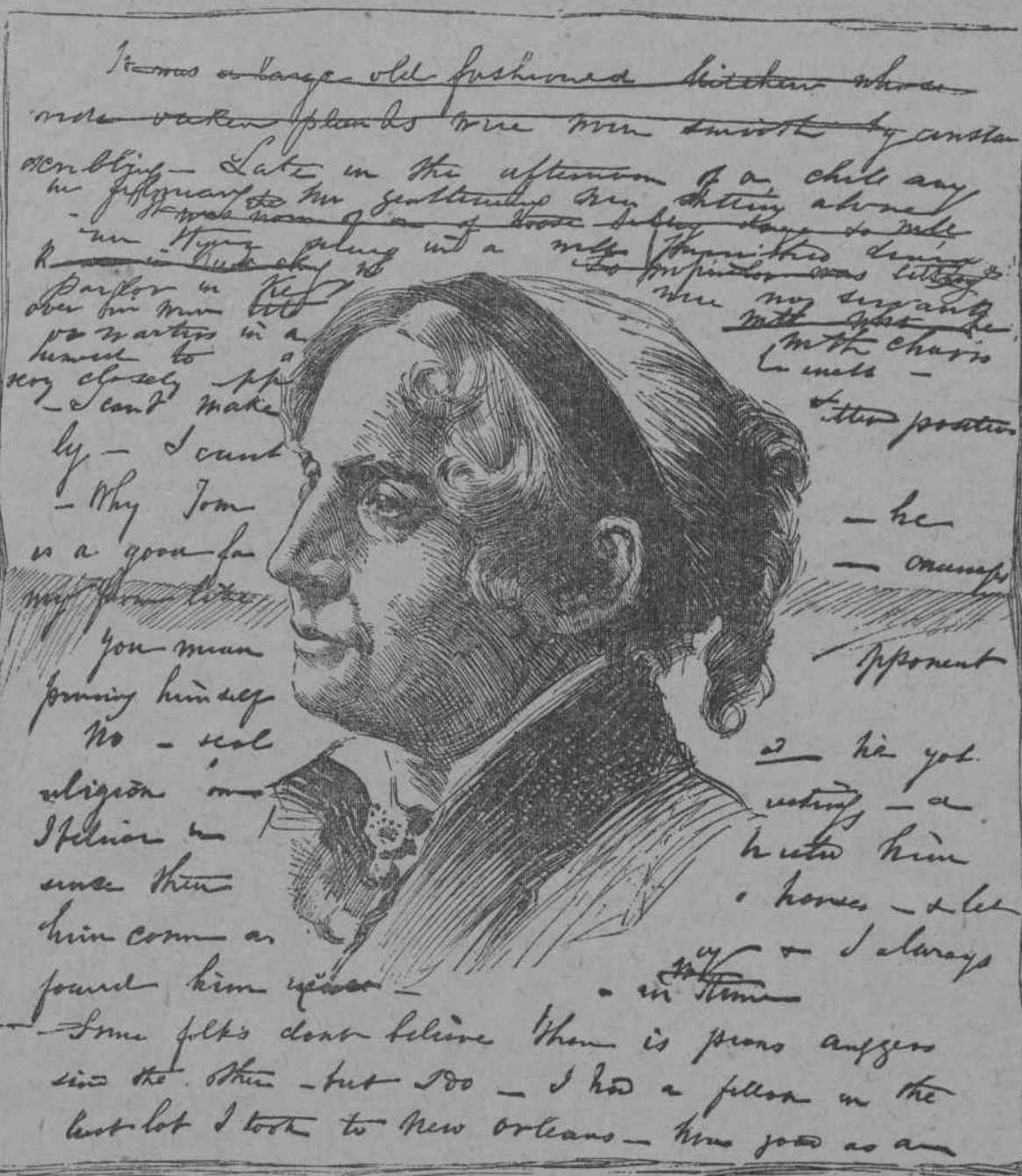
Magistrate Flammer refused to issue a
warrant for the seeress at the request of
Dubberger without some evidence to prove
that she had terrified the girl, and Captain
Chapman, of the East Thirtieth Street Sta-
tion, refused to arrest her without a war-
rant. Still Louisa Goldstein is temporarily
at least, violently insane.

She is the younger sister of Mrs. Dub-
berger, is twenty-three years old and for
six years has been employed in a button
factory at Broome and Centre streets,
where she earned \$8 a week. She was en-
gaged to be married to a young man in Har-
lem, who is in business for himself, but
whose name was refused by the Dubber-
gers. The betrothal festivities were to have
taken place next Sunday, and the wedding
was set for July 9.

SAW WHITE DEVILS.
As a preliminary Miss Goldstein, by the
advice of one of the girls in the button fac-
tory, decided to have her fortune told. In
a newspaper she saw Mme. Rodling's ad-
vertisement and on June 14 she visited the
clairvoyant.

On her return home she was hysterical.
She said she had gone to Mme. Rodling a
few days previously, with \$1, to have her
fortune told. The seeress, she said, took the
dollar and told her that while she would
consider that a retainer, it would cost \$25
to learn all the secrets for which the girl
yearned.

On June 14 the girl returned, she ex-
plained, with \$5, all the money she had.
"She took me into a dark room," said the



MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE AND HER MASTERPIECE.

The background of the portrait is a reproduction of a page of the original manuscript of the anti-slavery classic, "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

girl to the Dubbergers. "She was a stout,
fair-haired old woman, with blue eyes. She
took the \$5 and demanded the rest. I told
her that was all I had. She spoke very low
and told me not to raise my voice. She said
she could raise up devils and they would
harm me unless I too got the rest of the
\$25. Then I heard a peal of fiendish laugh-
ter, and I saw ghostly men in white clothes
and little devils dancing all around me.
Then they put me out into the street and
I came home. There was one old man there
that I saw once before in an elevator down-
town. He looked like a devil, too."

The day after telling this story Miss
Goldstein was even more hysterical, and
insisted that people who came into the
room were devils in disguise. The Dub-
bergers kept her at home for three or
four days, but as she became violent she
was taken to the insane pavilion of Bel-
levue Hospital. There she was kept for
three days, and as she got no better was
sent to Ward's Island.

Captain Chapman, of the East Thirtieth
Street Station, says he has heard of only
one complaint against Mme. Rodling, whom
he has known for many years, and that

was in the form of an anonymous letter.
"Her right name is Roedel," said the
Captain, "and she lives with her husband,
who has a real estate, law and collection
office at No. 101 West Twenty-fourth street.
She has lived in the precinct for over twenty
years, and I knew her when I was a
patrolman. She was in the same business
then at the corner of Fourteenth street
and Sixth avenue. Fortune tellers are all
liable to arrest under the 'disorderly per-
sons' clause, and they are not licensed be-
cause fortune telling comes under the head
of 'disorderly occupations.' I don't know
whether palm reading and selling horo-
scopes would come under the same head
or not. That is what Mrs. Rodling does, I
believe."

The building at No. 101 West Twenty-
fourth street, has been in the hands of car-
penter, plasterers and the like since some
time in May. The ground floor is occu-
pied as a shoe store and the two upper
floors by Charles Roedel as a real estate,
law and collection office, Mme. Rodling's
planet reading and palmistry parlors, and
the domestic menage of the Roedel-Rod-
ling family. Mr. Roedel is sixty years old,
tall, and of very respectable appearance

AUTHOR OF "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" DEAD.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe
Passed Peacefully Away at
Her Hartford Home.

Her Son, Her Two Daughters and
Other Relatives at Her Beside
When the End Came.

HELPED THE SLAVES TO FREEDOM.

One of the Great Causes of Activity in the
North Was the Book That She Wrote.
Other Literary Work Done
During a Busy Life.

Hartford, Conn., July 1.—Mrs. Harriet
Beecher Stowe, the gifted author of "Uncle
Tom's Cabin," died at her home, No. 73
Forest street, at noon to-day. She passed
peacefully away as though into a deep
sleep.

By her bedside at the time were her son,
the Rev. Charles Edward Stowe, of Sims-
Hooker, and her husband, John Hooker,
Dr. Edward B. Hooker, her nephew, who was
her medical attendant, and other relatives.
Mrs. Stowe's mental malady of many years'
continuance took an acute form on Friday,
when congestion of the brain, with partial
paralysis, appeared.

During Friday, Saturday and Sunday
Mrs. Stowe was about the house, but suf-
fering very much. Since Monday morning
she had been confined to her bed, and yester-
day afternoon became unconscious. She
never recovered consciousness.

Mrs. Stowe, until about seven years ago,
was in good health, although never very
strong. Her health for some time, how-
ever, had been precarious, and she needed
the constant attendance of a nurse, who
accompanied her about her walks in the
vicinity of her home. She always had
pleasant words for the children of the
neighborhood, with whom she talked in
her rambles, and seemed to be at her
brightest when thinking of and talking
with them.

Mrs. Stowe's funeral will be held at her
home at 5 o'clock to-morrow afternoon.
The body will be taken to Andover, Mass.,
on Friday morning. The burial will be in
the cemetery connected with the Andover
Theological Seminary, where Mrs. Stowe's

Professor C. E. Stowe was one of the in-
structors in the institution, and, in 1836,
Harriet became his wife.

Mrs. Stowe began to write in a serious
vein at the age of twelve, when she pro-
duced a remarkable composition for a
young girl on the subject: "Can the Im-
mortality of the Soul Be Proved by the
Light of Nature?" Her first publication,
however, was "Mayflower; or, Sketches of
the Descendants of the Pilgrims," given to
the world in 1846.

Soon after this, Mrs. Stowe began to take
a deep interest in the incidents leading up
to the rebellion. Immediately across the
river from her home lay Kentucky, a slave
State, and fugitive negroes on their way to
Canada often passed through Cincinnati.
From them Mrs. Stowe began to learn
something about the conditions of slavery.
Professor Stowe's house became one of the
"stations" along the "underground rail-
way to freedom."

Dissensions between the faculty and the
students of Dr. Beecher's school on the
slavery question led Professor Stowe, in
1850, to accept a professorship at Bowdoin
College, up in quiet Maine. Thither went
with him his wife, equipped with a great
mass of material collected from living
subjects for the stirring book which she
now began.

Dr. Bailey, editor of the National Era,
published "Uncle Tom's Cabin" as a serial
in his paper from June, 1851, to April,
1852. Owing to the limited circulation of
the paper, the tale attracted little notice.
In the following year John P. Jewett, a
Boston publisher, brought it out in book
form, and in a very few days sold 10,000
copies. In the first year 300,000 copies
were sold, and in the next four years,
200,000 more. The book was translated
into sixteen foreign languages, and made a
profound impression in Europe. An evi-
dence of this was the address sent to
Mrs. Stowe by 562,448 women of England.
When the authoress, with her husband,
visited England a year after the publica-
tion of the work, she was received with
cordiality and respect by the highest per-
sonages among the nobility.

On her return from Europe, Mrs. Stowe
published "Sunny Memories in Foreign
Lands." Her next work was "Dred; A
Tale of the Dismal Swamp," published in
1856, and republished in 1869, under the
title of "Mina Gordon." In 1863 she pub-
lished a "Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin," set-
ting forth the real sources of the tale, of
which many incidents were founded on
fact. "The Minister's Wooing," a novel,
was first published as a serial in the At-
lantic Monthly, and was brought out in
book form in 1869. Her ensuing works
were "The Pearl of Orr's Island," 1862;
"Agnes of Sorrento," 1863, and "Oldtown
Folks," 1868.

She also wrote a remarkable article for
the Atlantic Monthly, entitled "The True
Story of Lord Byron's Life." This article
called forth a great deal of hostile criti-
cism, the general opinion being that Mrs.
Stowe's sympathies had got the better of
her judgment. She replied to her critics

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"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

In this cottage, on a side street in Lexington, Ky., there lived last January, a man then eighty-four years of age. He
claimed to be the original of Mrs. Stowe's colored hero, and told a wonderfully interesting story of his life as a slave
(Photographed in Lexington expressly for the Journal.)

and address. He is secretary of the Ger-
man Sharpshooters' Club.

His wife is a stout woman of fifty or
thereabout, blonde, a Hollander by birth,
speaks English, German, Dutch and French,
and is apparently well-educated. The first
flat was all torn up yesterday, and the car-
penters and paperhangers about the place
said it had been so for several weeks. Pos-
sibly they were the ghostly figures which
entered into Miss Goldstein's frenzied de-
scription of her "vision" of June 14. They
could not remember any such girl, and
said Mme. Rodling had received very few
visitors during the past six weeks.

Mrs. Roedel, or Rodling, "teacher of palm-
istry," as her large gilt sign reads, talked
volubly about the charges.

"I don't remember any such girl as is de-
scribed," she said. "For two or three weeks
I received nobody, as the stairs were torn
up and the only way into the house was
by a ladder. There is no truth whatever
in the story of my dragging any girl into
a dark room or confronting her with men
in ghost clothes or any other clothes. There
isn't a dark room in the house, either,
and I have no use for dark rooms in my
business. I have lived twenty-five years
in this precinct, and have never been in
any trouble. I am no fortune teller and
don't pretend to be. I am a scientific palm-
list, as my father was before me. I teach
palmistry, and some of the best known
ladies in New York have been my pupils.
I have casts of palms of famous men made
in the days of the ancient Greeks, when
palmistry was practised by means of plas-
tic casts.

"My price for palm-reading and a horo-
scope is only \$1, whether one calls or
sends for it."

The Dubbergers say they are certain it
was to Mme. Rodling that the girl went to
have her fortune told, and that something
occurred which upset the mental balance
of the young woman during that inter-
view. They propose, too, to prosecute the
seeress as soon as they can discover the
identity of the girl who is supposed to have
accompanied Louisa to Mme. Rodling's
apartments.

husband, Professor Calvin E. Stowe, and
her son Henry are buried.

The authoress of the great American
novel was Harriet Beecher Stowe. "Un-
cle Tom's Cabin" was, beyond all question,
the epoch-making American book of the
century. It came at a time when the
anti-slavery feeling in the North was a
smouldering fire, and more than anything
else that book did to fan it into an ir-
resistible conflagration that swept the pris-
ons of black servitude out of the land for-
ever.

The book is still read. Booksellers are
still making money out of it. In its
dramatized form it is the hope of the trav-
elling company, and in the rural districts
"Uncle Tom's Cabin" is still the most
popular of all plays. But Harriet Beecher
Stowe has lived out her life and gone to
her immortality, with the other great ad-
vocates of freedom. She wrote other
books; but her name will remain histor-
ically associated with the work which
helped to create the moral force behind
the labors of Lincoln and of Grant.

Mrs. Stowe was born on June 14, 1812, at
Litchfield, Conn. She was one of the
eight children of the Rev. J. Lyman
Beecher. At the age of twelve she was
sent to the once famous Hartford Female
Seminary, founded by her sister Catherine
Beecher, who was noted for her liberal
views in regard to the education of girls.

In 1832 the Rev. Lyman Beecher was
called to the presidency of Lane Theo-
logical Seminary, at Cincinnati, and Cath-
erine and Harriet went with him to that
city, where they founded another school.

In 1868 in a little book entitled "Lady
Byron Vindicated,"

Among her later books were "Pink and
White Tyranny," 1871; "My Wife and I,"
1872; "Palmetto Leaves," 1873; "Betty's
Bright Ideas," 1875, and "Footprints of the
Master," 1877. The latter years of Mrs.
Stowe's life were passed with her daugh-
ters in an unpretentious home in Hartford,
where she was surrounded with souvenirs
of her own work and that of her family.
She had also a little cottage on the St.
John's River, about seventeen miles above
Jacksonville, Fla., where she spent a num-
ber of winters.

During the period of the famous Beecher-
Tilton case, Mrs. Stowe maintained the
most profound faith in the innocence of
her eminent brother, Henry Ward Beecher,
and in a letter to Elizabeth Barrett Brown-
ing, the poetess, she recorded her faith in
glowing language. In the later years of
her life Mrs. Stowe was much broken in
both body and mind.

MAGISTRATE MOTT AMABLE.

Is in Good Humor Until He Has Fined a
Reporter.

Magistrate Mott was in an amiable mood
when he faced Prisoners' Row, at Yorkville
Court, yesterday, to begin a three weeks'
term there. He listened patiently to the
explanations of prisoners, and discussed
their cases until that of a reporter for an
afternoon paper was called.

The reporter was charged with having
been disorderly on Third avenue yesterday
morning, and with carrying a loaded re-
volver. The Magistrate smiled grimly
said:

"The blue book to reporters
be in a
Five dollars
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INTO MADNESS BY A FORTUNE TELLER.

on Ward's Island, and her relatives declare that she was made crazy by
told something of the future, as she was about to be married. The ac-
of palmistry and casts horoscopes. No arrest has been made.